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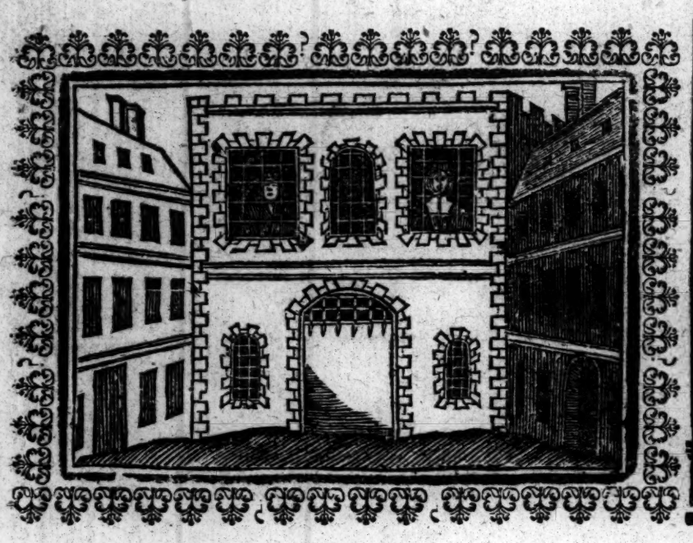
A Genuine Account of the Trials, Behaviour after Sentence of Death, and Execution of *Francis Townley*, *John Berwick*, *Andrew Blood*, *Thomas David Morgan*, *Thomas Deacon*, *Thomas Siddal*, *James Dawſon*, *George Fletcher*, and *Thomas Chadwick*, who were drawn, hang'd and quarter'd on *Kennington* Common, in the County of *Surry*, on *Wedneſday* the 30th of *July*, 1746, for High Treaſon, in Levying War againſt his Majeſty King *GEORGE* the Second. With *George Fletcher*'s Letter to his Wife.



ON *Tueſday* the 15th of *July*, 1746, at the Court Houſe at *St. Margaret's-Hill*, *Southwark*, began the Trials of the following Officers of the *Manchester* Regiment, raiſed for the Pretender's Service in the Year 1745, viz. *Francis Townley*, Colonel; *George Fletcher*, *Thomas Deacon*, *James Dawſon*, *John Sanderſon*, *Alexander Blood*, Captains; *Thomas Chadwick*, *John Berwick*, *Charles Deacon*, *Thomas Furnival*, Lieutenants; *William Battragh*, *Chriſtopher Taylor*, *James Wilder*, Enſigns; *Thomas Siddal*, Enſign and Adjutant; *Alexander Abernethy*, and *James Gadd*; alſo *Thomas David Morgan*, Eſq; Councellor at Law, ſtiled the Pretender's Council: Who were all found guilty of High Treaſon, in levying War againſt his Majeſty.

It appear'd by the Evidence that *Townley* enter'd into the *French* King's Service in the Year 1728, and had been in *England* ſome Years ſince.

Fletcher, *Chadwick* and *Battragh* endeavour'd to prove that they were forced into the Rebellion; but it plainly appear'd, by Mr. *Maddox*, the Principal Evidence, and others, that they voluntarily, and without any Compulſion, join'd the *Scotch* Rebel Army at *Manchester*, that they wore White Cockades, and Saſhes, &c. and march'd as Officers from that Place to *Derby*, and from thence (on hearing of the Duke of *Cumberland*'s Approach) to *Carliſle*, where they regularly kept Guard, and attended the Councils of War held there, for defending the Place againſt his Majeſty's Forces, &c.

On the 22d of the ſame Month they all received Sentence of Death, which was paſſed by the Lord Chief Juſtice *Lee*, who told them, That the Crime they had been convicted of was one of the moſt heinous Crimes that could be committed by Mankind, in endeavouring to deſtroy their Lawful Sovereign, ruin the Country, and alter both its Civil and Religious Rights, and to introduce *Popery* and Slavery; his Lordſhip alſo informed them, that much innocent Blood had been ſpilt, and that the Lives of many had been loſt, who ſtood up for their King and Country, whoſe Deaths lay at their Doors:——He then exhorted them to make the beſt Uſe they could of the ſhort Time which would be allowed them in this World; and then proceeded to pronounce that Sentence upon them which the Law commanded him to do, viz.

"You, the Priſoners at the Bar, muſt go from hence to the Goal "from whence you came, and from thence to the Place of Execution, "where you are ſeverally to be hanged by the Neck, but not till you "are dead; for you are to be cut down alive, your Bowels to be taken "out, and burnt in your View, your Heads to be ſevered from your "Bodies, your Bodies to be divided into four Parts, and thoſe are to be "at the King's Diſpoſal.

"*And the Lord have Mercy on your Souls.*"

After Sentence was paſs'd upon Col. *Townley*, a Friend of his coming to ſee him in the Gaol, ſaid to him, 'I believe, Sir, you deceive your-'ſelf in imagining you ſhall be able to clear up your Innocence, with 'regard to the Part which you have been ſuppoſed to have had in the 'Rebellion; and that you was not quite right in ſuppoſing that you 'could invalidate the Credit of the King's Witneſſes.' To which *Townley*, with Tears in his Eyes, reply'd, 'My dear Friend, I never 'thought it would come to this.'

Fletcher acknowledg'd, that he had brought his Misfortune upon himſelf by his Obſtinacy; for that his Mother had begg'd and intreated of him, even on her Knees, that he would keep himſelf out of the Rebellion; and when no Perſuaſions could prevail upon him, ſhe offer'd him a thouſand Pounds to do with as he pleas'd, if he would hearken to her Advice; but all to no Purpoſe.

Some of *Blood*'s Acquaintance that came to viſit him the Night before he ſuffer'd, flatter'd him with Hopes of a Reprieve: But he paid little Regard to what they ſaid, and anſwer'd, 'That he entertain'd 'no ſuch Hopes; that he had been long in Expectation of Death, was 'prepar'd for it, and was not in the leaſt afraid to meet it; for that all 'Men muſt die, and he had as live die now as a great while hence.'

The Day before the Execution *Dawſon*'s Father came to ſee him, in order to take his final Leave of him, when falling on his Neck, he was juſt able to ſay, 'O my dear Child, what would I give were it in my 'Power to ſave thee!'—with other melting Expreſſions, which brought Tears from the Eyes of all that beheld them: And thus he held him faſt lock'd in his Embrace for ſome Time.——Words cannot deſcribe this moving Scene.

That Night alſo the Father of Mr. *Chadwick* came, and appear'd in ſuch deep Affliction for the unhappy Fate of his Son, that the young Man could not forbear being affected with his Tenderneſs. This was the more remarkable, as he was always noted for being a Man of an undaunted Reſolution, and that this was the firſt Time, ſince his Impriſonment, that he had diſcovered any Concern about his Condition ſince his Confinement.

Counſellor *Morgan*'s Wife alſo came to take her Leave of him the ſame Night. Ever ſince his Impriſonment ſhe waited on him with uncommon Aſſiduity, and behaved to him with all the Love and Tenderneſs becoming an affectionate Wife.

A young Gentleman, who had often been familiar with them in Newgate, coming to ſee and take his Leave of them the Morning they were executed, could not forbear, even with Tears, expreſſing his extreme Concern for their approaching Fate. But they, with the greateſt [illegible] ing Unconcern, bid him not grieve for them; for that they were happy, having done nothing that they ſaw Cauſe to repent of, and would do the ſame again had they the ſame Opportunity.

On *Friday* the 29th, his Majeſty's Reprieve for three Weeks was ſent to the Sheriff of the County of *Surry*, to reſpite the Execution of the eight following, viz. *Charles Deacon*, *John Saunderſon*, *Alexander Abernethy*, *James Gadd*, *Thomas Furnival*, *Chriſtopher Taylor*, *James Wilder*, and *William Brattagh*. It is ſaid they receiv'd their Reprieve on Account of their being inſtrumental of the ſurrendering *Carliſle* ſo ſoon, and ſubmitting to the Duke's Mercy.

The Warrant for the Execution of the remaining nine was ſent from the Secretaries Office at Two o'Clock in the Afternoon the ſame Day. And when they were inform'd they muſt die the next Day, they ſeem'd not at all ſhock'd, but rather chearful, only ſaying, *God's Will be done*. They went to Reſt at the uſual Hour, ſlept ſoundly; but firſt took Leave of all their Friends.

The next Morning they were call'd up about Six o'Clock, and unloos'd from the Floor, to which they had been chain'd down ever ſince Sentence of Death was paſs'd upon them. They then ordered Coffee to be got ready for their Breakfaſt as ſoon as they were brought down into the Yard. And after Breakfaſt they had their Irons knock'd off.

The ſame Morning whilſt they were at Breakfaſt, Mr. *Chadwick* ſaid to Mr. *Berwick*, *Ah! Duke* (for this is the Name that *Berwick* went by in the Rebel Army) 'our Time draws very near; though as to my 'Part I am as hearty as ever I was in my Life. Mr. *Barwick* replied, 'as to my Part, I think we all look pretty well, and I declare Death 'don't ſhock me in the leaſt. I hope God Almighty will be merciful to 'us all; for I can lay my Hand on my Heart, and ſay, that the greateſt 'Injury I ever did was to Myſelf and Relations; and though I have 'brought them and myſelf to Diſgrace, they have been ſo kind to for-'give me, and would have ſaved my Life had it been in their Power.'

On Wedneſday the 30th, between Ten and Eleven o'Clock in the Morning, they were carried from the New Goal, *Southwark*, in the following Manner, viz. Firſt a Party of Dragoons, then a large Party of the Foot Guards, followed by the three Sledges, in the firſt of which were *Francis Townley*, *John Berwick*, *Andrew Blood*, and the Executioner with a drawn Scymeter; in the ſecond, *Thomas David Morgan*, *Thomas Deacon* and *Thomas Siddal*; in the third *James Dawſon*, *George Fletcher* and *Thomas Chadwick*, ſurrounded by the Foot Guards, who alſo brought up the Rear. When they came to the Place of Execution they behaved with great Reſolution, and were put upon a Waggon which had Boards laid acroſs to exalt them the higher, and the Faggots for burning their Hearts, Entrails, &c. was immediately ſet fire to: When they had paſſed ſome Time in Devotion, they deſired to ſpeak to each other by themſelves, which was granted; the Diſcourſe continued near a Quarter of an Hour with great Earneſtneſs and Devotion, at the End of which they all flung their Hats (ſix of them were laced with Gold) Prayer Books, and ſome Papers (the Contents of which were, their Reſolutions of dying bravely in the Cauſe, ſince it could not be otherwiſe—and that if it was to do again, and they could, they would do it, &c.) among the Spectators; on which the Executioner pulled their Caps out of their Pockets, and putting them on, drew them over their Eyes, and they were immediately turned off.

When the Halter was put about *Siddal*, he was obſerv'd to tremble very much; tho' he endeavoured to conceal his Diſorder from the Spectators, by taking a Pinch of Snuff, as the Executioner was faſtening his Hands; and lifting up his Eyes, ſaid, *O Lord help me.*

At the Gallows, they were not attended by any Miniſter, either of the *Proteſtant* or *Popiſh* Religion. All the Aſſiſtance they had in their laſt Moments, was from Mr. *Morgan*, who read to them Prayers and other pious Meditations, out of a Book of Devotion; to which they all ſeem'd very attentive, and behaved with a great deal of Seriouſneſs.

When they had hung about five Minutes, the Executioner cut down the Body of Mr. *Townley*, and laid it on a Stage for the Purpoſe. The Body being ſtript, and laid at Length, having ſome Signs of Life in it the Executioner ſtruck it ſeveral Blows [illegible] *a Traitor*, after which, he cut off his Head, took out his Bowels, and flung them into the Fire near the Gallows.

The next he cut down, was Counſellor *Morgan*, which he laid on the Stage, and ſerv'd in the ſame Manner; and ſo of the reſt, till he had finiſh'd the whole Execution.

Dawſon was the laſt; and when the Executioner had thrown their Bowels and Heart into the Fire, the Spectators gave three loud Huzza's, at the ſame Time crying out, *God bleſs King GEORGE and all the Royal Family.*

When he had done, the Executioner put the Heads, with the embowell'd Bodies, into Coffins provided for them, laid them in the Sledges, and re-convey'd them to the New Goal.

The Heads of *George Fletcher* and *Thomas Morgan* are put upon *Temple-Bar*.

George Fletcher's *Letter to his Wife.*

YOU ſhall now receive, my dear Wife, my laſt Words in theſe my laſt Lines.

My Love I ſend you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my council, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not by my will, preſent you with ſorrows, my dear, let them go into the Grave with me, and be bury'd in the Duſt. And ſeeing that it is not God's will that I ſhould ſee you any more in this life, bear it patiently, and with a Heart like thyſelf. Firſt, I ſend you all the thanks which my Heart can conceive, or my Words can rehearſe, for your many Travels, and care taken for me, which, tho' they have not taken effect as you wiſh'd, yet my debt to you is not the leſs: But if I never ſhall pay it in this World. Secondly, I beſeech you, for the love you bear me living, do not hide yourſelf many Days, but by your travels ſeek to help your miſerable fortune, and the right of your poor Children; thy mourning cannot avail me, I am but duſt, to what Friend to direct thee I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial. And I perceive that my Death was determin'd from the firſt Day. Moſt ſorry I am, God knows, that being thus ſurprized with death I can leave you in no better ſtate. I cannot write much, God he knows how hardly I ſteal the Time while others ſleep, and it is alſo time that I ſhould ſeparate my Thoughts from the World. I can ſay no more, Time and Death call me away; the Everlaſting, Powerful, Infinite, and Omnipotent God, that Almighty God who is Goodneſs itſelf, the true Life and true Light, keep thee and thine, have Mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my Perſecutors and Accuſers, and ſend us to meet in his glorious Kingdom. My dear Wife, farewell. Bleſs my poor Children, Pray for me, let my good God hold you all in his Arms. Written with the dying Hand of ſometimes thy Huſband, but now Alas! overthrown.

George Fletcher.